

Children's Department.

WHEN I AM A MAN.

MRS. LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

"When I am a man, I'll not worry and scold,
Or growl at the weather if too hot or cold;
I'll not use tobacco, nor drink wine or beer,
And of everything bad I'll be sure to keep clear.
I'll try for the good of others to plan,
And be a brave soldier, when I am a man.

"When I am a man, I'll let little boys
Have fun, if they do make plenty of noise.
I'll feed the beggars who stop at my door,
And give of my wealth to the ailing and poor;
I'll strive to be honest and do what I can
To make the world better, when I'm a man.

Said grandma: "Why wait till you're grown?
Right away

Commence your reform. Begin with to-day;
You may never be old, nor rich, nor yet great,
And many a blessing you'll lose while you wait.
Strive to be and to do the best that you can,
And life will be sweeter when you are a man."

—*Temperance Banner.*

A FAMILY OF TWELVE.

The hired man found them while he was mowing the alfalfa-field.

There was a sudden "whir-r-r" that made him jump, as poor, frightened mother-quail flew off her nest; and there, among the long green stems, lay twelve pretty speckled eggs.

Just then the dinner horn blew, so he put the twelve eggs into his covered tin pail, and started briskly toward the mill house; for he was warm and hungry.

As he crossed the treeless fields, the sun beat hotly on his old straw hat, and the pail grew almost too warm to hold. But it was lucky that he did not drop it; for inside wonderful things were happening, as the hired man discovered when he reached the veranda and uncovered the pail.

Where twelve pretty brown eggs had lain were twelve baby quails, running about among their own egg-shells, as lively as the crickets, and not very much bigger.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the two girls, their eyes shining with delight. "Let's show them to grandma, quick!"

Four little eager hands received the pail, with its scrambling load, and hurried them into the house.

"Poor little tots" said gentle grandma. What will become of them?"

"Oh, let's keep them, grandma, do!" pleaded two wistful voices. "We can take care of them"

"But they need a feathered mother, dearies," grandma answered. "Tell the hired man to catch the old hen, whose chicks were killed by a weasel last night, and perhaps she will adopt them."

So the hen was brought and popped into a coop, clucking and struggling and

running to and fro on her long, awkward legs. She was absurdly big and very clumsy, and for some minutes appeared to have not the slightest intention of adopting the twelve little waifs huddled, cheeping, in a corner.

But even a silly old hen will sometimes make the best of things. So it happened that, after a little while, she settled down and the poor, cold baby quails crawled under her comfortable wings.

"Now they've got a mother," said the little girls.

An hour later grandma heard a wail from the direction of the chicken-coop, and hurried out to see what was the matter.

"She's eating them! Oh! she's eating them!" howled the children. And, sure enough, there in the middle of the coop stood a choking old hen, with two pitiful little quail feet protruding from her ugly yellow bill. Grandma rushed valiantly to the rescue, and the ten survivors were carried into the house in an apron.

For two days they lived in an old basket, wrapped in flannel rags; and then one morning Chung, the Chinese cook, appeared with a strange burden.

"Littee quail lakkee mamma. My cousin catchee. Heap nicee quail!" he beamed handing grandma the queer bundle of feathers and string, which proved to be a tightly bound hen quail.

"Heap nicee, mamma!" he repeated, when the cords were loosed and the quail nestled down, spreading her wings for the babies to creep under. And the ten little orphans, pressing in among the soft feathers, thought so, too.

"Horrid old hen!" said the two little girls. They've got a real mother now."—*The Outlook.*

"HE DIDN'T LAUGH AT ME."

"Mamma," said Edith the other day, "I don't like boys. I'm glad I haven't a little brother."

"Why, Edith?"

"Because they always tease little girls so, and make them cry, and then they laugh at them."

"Do all the little boys laugh at you when you cry?"

"Yes, all but Robbie Shriver. I fell down at school the other day, and hurt my head, and they just laughed at me—all but Robbie, and he came and helped me up, and said he was very sorry I was hurt; and he didn't laugh a bit."

"That certainly was very nice of Robbie," said mamma as she gave Edith's cheek a kiss.

"Yes, mamma, Robbie Shriver is the only boy that I really like, because he never laughs at me."

That was a great compliment to Robbie. It shows that he is a gentle boy, and when he grows up he will be a gentle man, or gentleman. Little boys who are rude to their sisters or to other little girls, and who love to tease them and laugh at them, ought to think of this; and if they want to be gentlemen when they grow up, they ought to begin now by being gentle boys. —*The Picture World.*

EASTER.

Ellen came into her mother's room on Easter morning carrying a beautiful lily in a pot.

"Isn't it lovely, mamma!" said she. "My lily has opened just this morning."

"It is indeed, my dear," replied her mother. "I love to look at the pure flower and remember how after the bulb has lain so long in the ground, just at the appointed time it sends forth its shoots and then its flowers. And so, just at the appointed time, all God's works will be perfected and his promises fulfilled in the resurrection."

"When Jesus was dead, the hearts of his disciples were very heavy because they had forgotten what he told them, that after three days he would rise again. But it all happened just as he said."—*Morning Light.*

Let us be always on our guard against offending with our tongue. It is better to maintain silence than to talk when we have nothing to say that is worth hearing. There is sometimes, indeed, a greater power in silence than in words.—*Henn.*

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